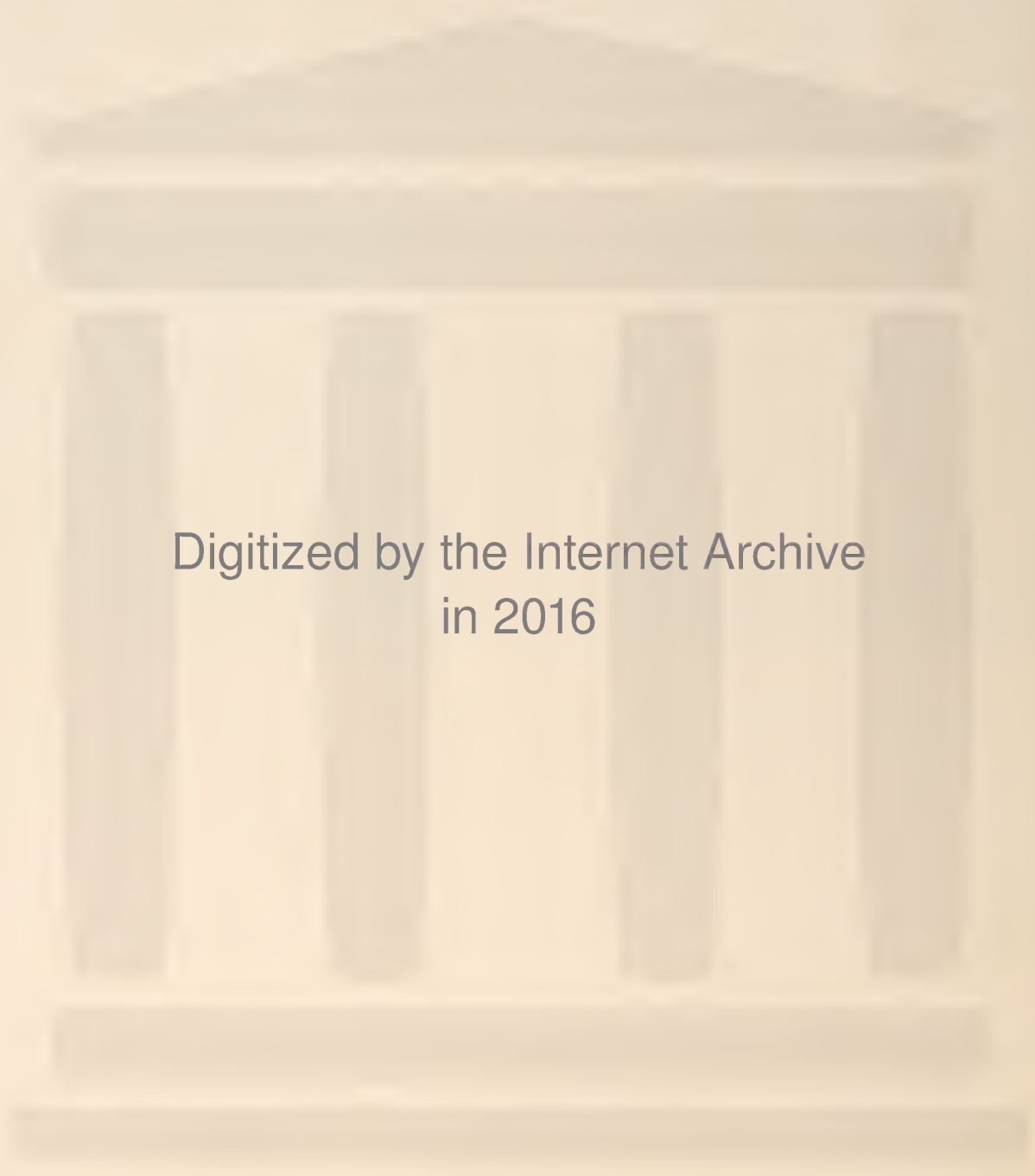


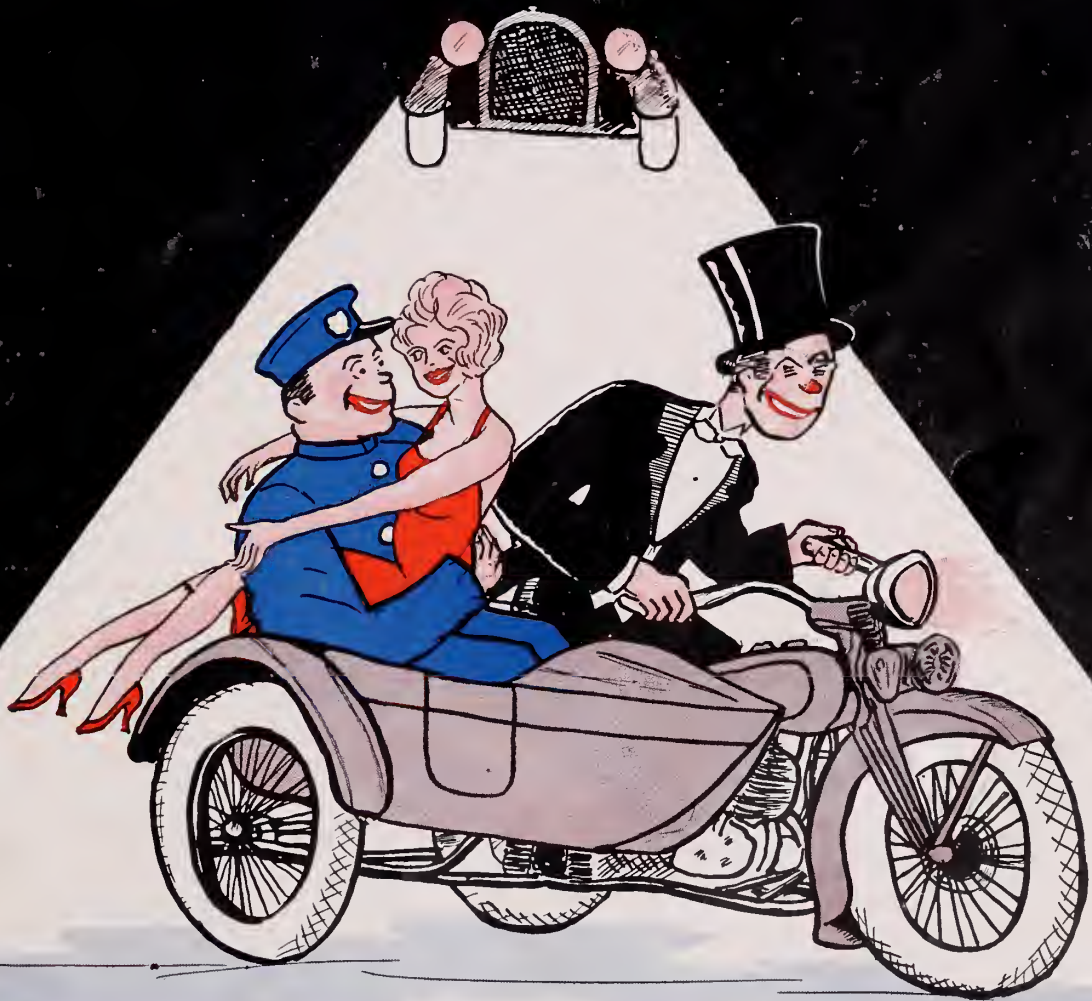
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THE LEHIGH BURR



SPRING HOUSE PARTY ISSUE

The Junior Class

(In a Spirit of Fun)

PRESENTS

THE

Casa Loma

RECORDING ORCHESTRA

Officiaters Extraordinary

(S' HELP US)

AT THE

JUNIOR PROM

FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 29th

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SET THE DAY and hour and . . . throughout the college year . . . pay Mother and Dad a regular weekly "voice visit" by telephone.

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~ ~ ~

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Customer: I'd like some rat poison.

Clerk: Will you take it with you?

Customer: No. I'll send the rats over after it.

—Malteaser.

—BURR—

Santa Claus: What did you get in your stocking, Hepsibah?

Old Maid: Nothing but a damn runner.

Santa Claus: Well, what did you expect—a pole vaulter?

—Bored Walk.

—BURR—

They tell a story about a tiny ant who gazed longingly but helplessly at the body of a dead horse. Just then a bootlegger's truck rattled by and a case of stuff fell over the end gate and crashed to the ground. A puddle formed and the ant, thirsty, took a sip. Then he seized the dead horse by the tail and shouted: "Come on, big boy, we're going home."

—Texas Ranger.



DISAPPOINTED

He came home and, as they say in the movies, found his wife sewing a tiny garment.

"My dear, my dear," he said.

"Don't be silly," she said. "This is my new evening gown."

—Black and Blue Jay.

—BURR—

Prof. (to 4/C): "Young man, this is the fifth time I called upon you to recite this week, and you haven't known the assignment. What have you to say for yourself?"

4/C: "I'm glad it's Friday, sir."

—Log.

—BURR—

"Where yuh goin'?"

"Fishin'."

"What fer?"

"Oh, jest fer the halibut."

—Michigan Gargoyle.



"Tell me, Mr. Coolidge, do you ever feel blah?"

• Do you ever feel blah?

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For Information Address:

G. B. CURTIS, Registrar
Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa.

First Kangaroo: Annabelle, where's the baby?

Second Kangaroo: My goodness, I've had my
pocket picked!

—Syracuse Orange Peel.

—BURR—

Sergeant (at the police station): "What! you back
again?"

Frosh: "Uh, huh; any mail?"

—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

—BURR—

The other night I had a date
She said that she was famished
I really didn't believe her
Unitil my bank roll vanished.

—BURR—

Freshman: "May I have the last dance with you?"

Footsore: "You've had it."

—Red Cat.

He: "I say dear, I have some tickets for the
theatre."

She: "Fine, I'll start dressing."

He: "Yes, do dear, they're for tomorrow."

—Western Reserve Red Cat.

—BURR—

Spring Formal — a marvelously rythmic band,
a surging tide of dancers, dim lights, a couple danc-
ing near a doorway—

She: "Oh, I simply adore that funny step. Where
did you pick it up?"

He: "Funny step? I'm losing my garter."

—Punch Bowl.

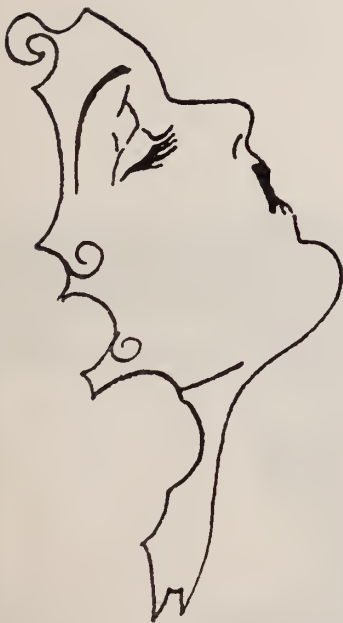
—BURR—

"Well, if there aren't any women on this ranch
how do you keep the buttons sewed on your
clothes?"

"Oh, we figure that as long as there ain't no wo-
men about, it don't make no difference."

—Pitt Panther.

HOUSE PARTY



Hail to thee, thou darling thing,
Thou gift of God, thou sprite of Spring.
The trumpets blare, the banners fly,
Antipathy fades 'neath warmth of sky.
Portray you thus, ecstatic splendor,
Gracious, glamorous, party-blender,
Lend charms divine, thy bounteous essence,
Succumb, enjoy, this efflorescence!



THE LEHIGH BURR

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MAY, 1932

NO. 8

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Ladies—

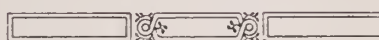
To you,—gals from near and far, short ones, thin ones, sophisticates, the “maybe” type, even the cuties that croon “Why Dance?” in the middle of a dreamy number,—Wee Burro dedicates his Spring House Party Number! Ah! What a week-end of bliss, followed by the everlasting memory of that divine date (just what was his name?). Endless round of dancing, sighing, romancing, parting, regretting, but never forgetting (So help me!)

Once more around! To the **Ladies!**

and Gentlemen!

Amid great weeping and gnashing of teeth, the old staff retires to make place for the new tribe of (nit) wits. Under its splendid supervision, the Burr has been constantly improved. New features have been added much to Burro's success; now ranking high among publications of its type. For many of the major improvements we, of the new staff, are indebted to you of the old. May our congratulations form a toast to the old staff: Scholars, Rowdies, **and Gentlemen!**

Here's how, and good luck!



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FROWN AND BITE

Vol. 0—No. 0.

April 29, 1932

Page—The Only One

Fob "Ash Can" Ensko Gives Beer Philosophy

Frown and Bite Interviews Authority on Eve of House Party Week-end.

**Flehigh Big Shot Is Found
Reading Frank Merriwell**

Students Will Benefit From Advice of Superannuated Business Man

By Jeswick Hoodlelap, Esq.

Anxious to obtain information for publication on the technique of guzzling beer during house party season or at any time for that matter, the Frown and Bite editor decided

BEER PHILOSOPHER



FOB ENSKO

yesterday to interview a real authority on the subject, Fobert "Ash Can" Ensko, veteran of many a Maennerchor jamboree.

When discovered by the news hound, the "Whiz" was at his haunt in the Chi Fi house. Seated in his study, the "old man" of the Flehigh senior class, was reading diligently—Frank Merriwell.

Reporter Is Timid

The reporter, experienced journalist that he is, was at first timid in the presence of

The Flehigh Frown and Bite:

Editor.....Jeswick Hoodlelap, Esq.
Assistants.....All the little Hoodlelaps
Advisory.....Angus Mick Fat,
Zilch Fimper, The Maestro

**Flehigh Frat Frolic Flops;
Flabbergasted Fratters Frustrated;
Foxy Females Foil Flehighites**

By Horatio Hoodlelap

All plans to observe the social events of the season at the Chi Sigh lawge fell thru this year, it was learned by the Frown and Bite editor recently. The elite lawdgemen, boy smoothies of Flehigh, may be seen on the campus at any time now with wan looks on their faces.

When questioned, M. J. "Bully Boy" Greyham, stalwart head of that would-be aggregation of Beau Brummels, is said to have stated, "It's the depression."

Rumor has it, however, that the "arrow collar men" weren't so good at getting dates this year. And to think that even their best friends — — —

Although all self-respecting Flehighites now stare at the frustrated lawdgemen askance for having been foxed by females, it is thought by some that their situation is not as precarious as that of the infamous T.D.C.'s who it is rumored had to use plenty of elbow grease in preparation for house party, during the last two weeks — — — drying things up from the last open dance.

It is said that conditions became so moist during that gay affair that the highest fratters on the hill are no longer able to obtain insurance on their house because authorities fear that the place may some day explode.

the austere Mr. Ensko, but knowing that if he didn't return with the story his job would be in jeopardy—and jeopardy's a bad place for a job, he hurled a question "What's your theory on drinking beer, sir?"

The suave but rather superannuated (for he's losing his hair rapidly) beer authority hesitated slightly before answering then, assuming a pseudo appearance of intelligence he replied, "The true philosophy, my dear fellow, and my advice to those attending house party, is not to drink beer in the afternoon because it wears you out so that you can't drink in the evening."

Flehigh Welcomes Females Arriving To Color Campus

"Cue Ball's" Efforts Balked as House Party Season Opens; Kurtis Snickers Thru Whiskers

English Department Expected to Perform at Junior Prom

By Zilch Hoodlelap

Gala festivities begin!—campus gains proverbial color!—Kurtis snickers fiendishly!—house party season is here!

Pretty girls, homely ones, out-of-townners, ethereal bims from New York and experienced pots of Bethlehem, bow-legged, cross-eyed, buck-teethed and pigeon toed, all have ensnared their Flehigh man. (Heh, heh, me proud beauties little do you reck that your docile companion is truly a wild wolf in sheep's clothing with evil designs in mind.)

(Yes, females, you are here in spite of the subtle efforts of our own dear "Cue Ball" alias Maxie Mick Conn, Flehigh's dean who in his cute little way sought to call off the season's social events.)

English Profs. to Perform

At the junior prom this evening the festivities and gayety will reach their height. The dance hall will be decorated to resemble a Spring forest. Certain members of the English department are expected to become overcome by the esthetic environment, forget themselves and go flitting thru the foliage just like pretty little fairies.

Fair damsels, the Frown and Bite warns you here and now watch that boy friend of yours. Beware of these rides after the prom. There's often foul play afoot and we don't want to see any wrong done by our Nells. Equip yourselves with roller skates or better still carry an Austin in your pocket book.

Believe It Or Not

Pennsylvania state scientists testing meteorological conditions in the vicinity of Bethlehem have found that directly over Flehigh the atmosphere extends at least two feet higher than it does in any other part of the city. This phenomenon is thought to be due to the hot air issuing from freshman and sophomore engineering conferences.

— NOTICE —

To whom it may concern:

Having overstepped the narrow limit of prescribed cuts, my wife has been officially dropped from my bed and board. I am no longer responsible for debts incurred by same.

"Snickering" G. B. Kurtis.

Sherman said, "Women are Hell."
In you I shall confide
The girl I invited to House Party
Is Hell personified.

—Burr—

If you wish to wet your lips
Be careful not to be seen
And at the Prom; beware
Of C. M. M. the Dean!



"WAS HE SURPRISED WHEN YOU SAID YOU
WANTED TO MARRY HIS DAUGHTER?"

"WAS HE? THE GUN NEARLY FELL OUT OF
HIS HAND."

—Rice Owl.

—Burr—

"You know, I was walking
down the street yesterday and
wasn't thinking about finding any
money."

"Well?"

"And sure enough, I didn't find
any."

—Kitty Kat.

DID'JA EVER?

Did'ja ever
Meet one of those
"Unusual wimmen"
At an Easter dance
When ya
Weren't exactly under control;
And after much
Writin'
Ya invited her to
Houseparty,
An' when ya met her
At the train
She looked pretty awful,
An' ya was so
Disgusted
Ya went out an' got that way,
An' when she came down
For dinner
She was a stunning blond
But ya were so drunk
Ya couldn't dance
An' your stupid roommate
Took her
To the "crawl"
An' she was
The belle of the ball.
D'id'ja ever?

—Burr—

"Oscar," said the bank manag-
er, "there'll be a vacancy here
soon, and I'm thinking of giving
your twin brother the job."

"My twin brother?" exclaimed
Oscar.

"Yes, the one I saw watching
the ball game yesterday while you
were at your Aunt's funeral," ex-
plained the manager.

"Oh — er — yes," said Oscar.
"I — I remember! I — I'll go
and hunt him up."

"Good!" said the manager.
"And don't come back till you've
found him."

IS ANY WOMAN WORTH IT?

A Short, Short, Short Story

The great Antony would probably have saved himself from a tragic end, if he had but asked himself this question, and answered it truthfully. In his case, however, there were not many spare moments in which he could carry on a very lengthy conversation with himself. As a matter of fact, he couldn't even get a word in edgewise, lengthwise, or otherwise. He was troubled with wars and women, mostly women, and mostly the woman—Cleopatra.

As Sherman once said, "Women are hell." This trite expression fits Cleopatra perfectly—she was hell personified. By her wiles she captured Antony, and kept him by the same means. Her wiles must have been beautiful indeed, for Antony was held by them through the declining and reclining years of his life.

To illustrate the simple character of this she-serpent, let me pass on to you a tale of old which I unearthed recently in ancient Babylon. The papyrus, yellowed by the wrinkled hands of time, carries this story of an incident in Cleopatra's life:

It was a night of wondrous beauty. The Nile flowed peacefully along, (Nile tell you some more in a minute) seemingly without a care in the world. On the bank of this great waterway, below the walls of a cozy summer bungalow, sat Cleopatra, absorbed in her usual pastime of poisoning all those dear to her. In the midst of this entertaining performance, she ran out of victims for her pet asp. Infuriated, she shrieked to her nearest slave, "Asp me another."

I cannot vouch for the truth of this age old tale, but nevertheless, it gives a very excellent characterization of Cleopatra—so plain and simple. How anyone as smart and noble as Antony was supposed to be, could possibly be held under the magic spell of this famous siren is almost unbelievable. So I admonish unto you, before going out on any kind of date, stop a moment and ask yourself if any woman is worth it?

—BURR—

For many days I studied
The classic arts of Greece,
I have finally decided my favorite
Is Mash Potatoes and Peese.



NO — THESE AREN'T BLIND DATES AT
THE PHI GAM HOUSE. THEY ARE REGULAR
DATES.

—BURR—

This poem is respectfully dedicated
To a fellow of our race
That's right, you've guessed it
It was written to Philip Space.

Looking Around

There was a young lady named Maude,
Who was a society fraud;
In the parlor, I'm told,
She was haughty and bold,
But out in the kitchen! — Oh, Gawd!

* * *

How these gals are! . . . from Easton comes the report that one of the campus (Laffinety) sweet-hearts contracted that insidious so-and-so, trench mouth . . . now, no less than four score of the boys are being troubled with the same . . . police suspect foul play . . . who's that wise whoozis that saunters around to classes with a derby and trench-coat? . . . probably one of the better set from Delaware Avenue . . . Fritzie Keck, Chuckie Denise, and Bobby Dakin (all boys who will be nice to their wives) shattered **all** of our illusions by tripping the light fantastic for some show in town . . . boyth, boyth, has it come to this? . . . Philpots Rorty is the latest addition to the ever-swelling army of lovers . . . oh, Eleanor (hope you read this!) . . . Bill (Maiden's Blush) Warren and Bob (Burn 'Em Up) Pangburn are the essence of Lehigh chivalry . . . during the indoor track season, they were forced? to remain all night at the apartment of some gracious deb . . . true to their alma mater and training rules, the heroes blush now at any suggestion of anything unbecoming their delicate situation . . . to that we say: "Aw, nerts!" . . . couple babes that persist in calling campus fraternities for dates are happily (?) married . . . the hubbies aren't (apparently) particular . . . Mistress Rumor, that old nasty, nasty, tells us of two boys from the hill who sleep together . . . oh, yes, strictly for warmth sake, or perhaps they are planning to join the Navy soon . . . this illuminating report comes to us through the courtesy of our Something-Ought-To-Be-Done-About-It Department . . . make the **Burr** useful as well as intellectual, by taking advantage (no such thing!) of the many and varied departments . . . now, youse guys, is dat big hearted, or ain't it? . . . for years the question: "Why a Delta Tau Delta?" has perplexed the campus . . . at last, the truth can be told: the national fraternity flower of the boys (am I blushing?) is the **Pansy!** . . . whoops, m'dears, musn't touch! . . . four campus playboys, after a party in P-boig, decided to wake up the kind lady at the infirmary who passes out "Ambition pills" . . . since dawn was just breaking, the kind lady's husband was rather nonplussed,

and, in no uncertain way, gave them a direction to the hereafter . . . tsk! tsk! . . . Doug (spelled with an -n instead of a -u in a local sheet) Reed gives us the cold dope on a footballer, whose ferocity on the gridiron has cooled down to the passiveness of a flute-player (egad!) . . . the proud swain, in pursuing his love, went so far as to use his sister's deodorant under his arms! . . . such is life in the country around Baltimore! . . . during an M. S. & T. class, a freshman was taking command of a detail, and his commands usually end with a "Ho!" instead of "March!" . . . the erstwhile Captain asked him if he had not been previously trained in a cavalry unit . . . "No," replied the frosh, "but I did belong to the Boy Scouts!" . . . well, it just goes to prove that no matter how loud the ties they wear are, 99 and 44-100 of them still look and act like frosh, s'help me . . . heard many rumors that a certain wise guy is going to be slipped a bit of real knowledge some dark and stormy night . . . he'd better stay away from dark alleys . . . his feminine friends can hardly soothe his trammelled prettiness when these mugs get through with him . . . the nickname of "Fiji" for the Phi Gams is supposed to have originated from the nationality of the frat's national sweetheart . . . 'course every man to his own likes . . . besides the color of one's escort is not important to those Don Juans who prefer parked cars to dancing . . . the Junior Prom this weekend is bound to be a success . . . the committee are actually splurging this year . . . in getting estimates for the decorations, they declared: "Hang the expense! Put up one more piece of tinsel!" . . . in keeping with the recent fad instituted by the "Rube," our Hal (who threw that 'mato?) underwent partial reconstruction on his much abused and dented snozzle . . . the job appears far from completion, if they intend to improve said visage . . . a certain Sigma Chi (makers of men) is earnest endeavoring to get to "first base" with a local miss . . . persist, lad, persist! remember it takes the bee all summer to make **his** honey . . . look for a new feature in the **Burr**, called Sport Shots . . . all the cold dope on past and present sports personalities at Lehigh . . . perhaps they'll unearth (if they can) the records of Jack (Who said Scotch?) Peterkin, or is it Petrikin, when he cavorted about the ball-field . . . or why Austie never took up smoking? . . . or what Pottstown belle almost stopped the 1908 track meet by boldly displaying an ankle? . . . the old hussy! . . .

Here's How

Allow us to drop a few suggestions concerning houseparties. (We're tired of holding them anyhow). Throw away your Movie Magazine or your dancing partner and we'll stop dawdling and get down to business.

1. Be careful about the chaperones. It is best not to have any, but if you must, have Brother Glutch, '29, and his ex-follies wife.

2. Don't let the chaperones get too drunk, or you will find yourself spending time putting them to bed that you should be devoting to your roommate's blond fiance.

3. Spend at least a dollar for your week-end quart this time, for, after all, houseparties are a little special.

4. Don't have the bim from back home, because she hasn't had anything to talk about for months, and would make short work of you when she got back.

5. Don't have a local date because she will have to be home by 5:00 a. m.

6. Don't have a school girl because she will have to be back by Tuesday.

7. The best thing is not to have a date at all, because Brother Jones and Pfluegenschmidt will have those sisters from Bloomsburg again that anybody can make time with.

—BURR—

Professor: "Why don't you answer me?"

Bingham: "I did, professor. I shook my head."

Professor: "But you don't expect me to hear it rattle from here, do you?"



"HERE'S TO YOU," SHE SAYS, AND THEN DRINKS IT HERSELF.

—BURR—

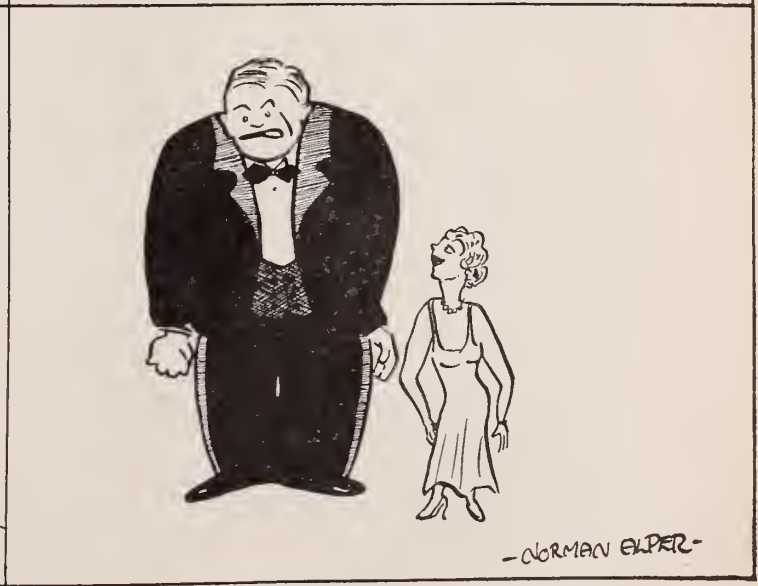
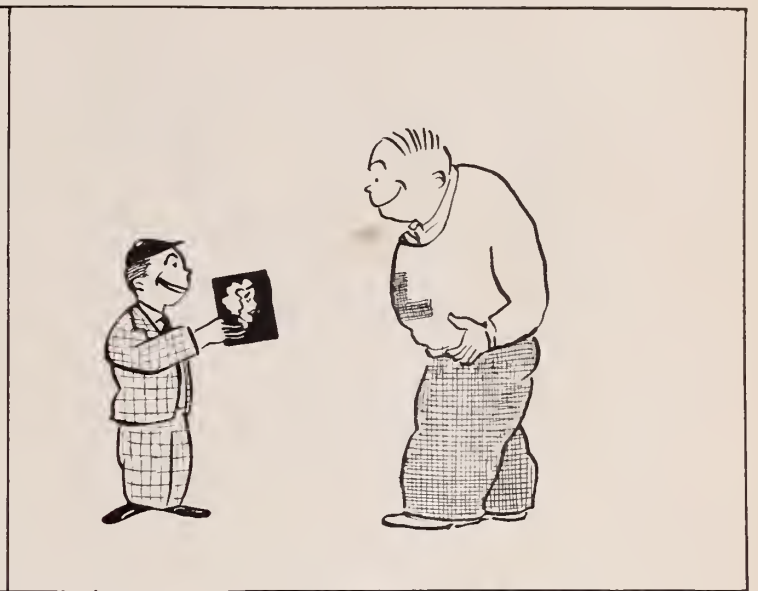
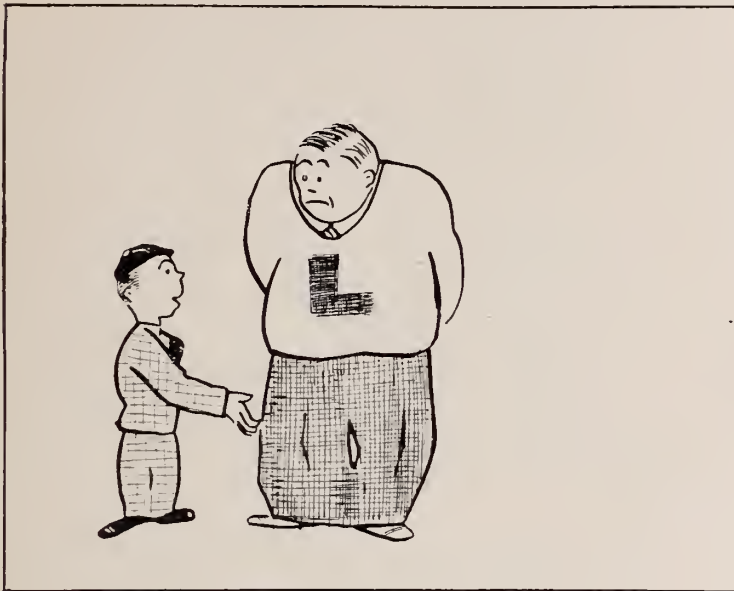
Teacher: "Abie, can you tell us the difference between a stoic and a cynic?"

Abie: "Shure, teacher; de stoik brought our baby and Ma vashes 'im in de sinick." (Is this on old one? How should we know?)

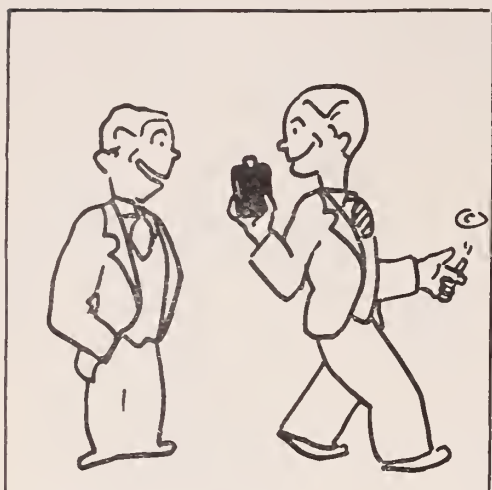
—BURR—

"I shall never marry until I can find a girl who is my direct opposite."

"That ought to be easy. There are lots of fairly intelligent girls around here."



- NORMAN EXLER -



—BURR—

And then there was the drunk who tried to make a billiard by bouncing his motorcycle off the concrete balls in front of Taylor Gym.

—BURR—

The Course-crabber's motto:
 Spread all the oil you can,
 To all the Profs. you can,
 In all the ways you can,
 Just as long as you can.

—BURR—

Then there was the Lehigh Engineer who thought that the Tudor family of England was a family of school teachers.

—BURR—

A math. professor requested that a student make a table of natural logs and the student appeared next day with a newly constructed table.

—BURR—

Junior: That was some fire they had at Freihofer's bakery the other week.

Frosh: Yea, there was a lot of dough lost in that fire.

"Here you are, Sergeant, this man parked in front of a fire plug. He's deaf as a post."

Sergeant: "Book him, He'll have his hearing in the morning."

—BURR—

Cop: "Here, here! What are you trying to do, stand on your head?"

Souse: "Yeshir, offshir, you geshed it first time. Trying to shake sand out o' my trousher cuffs."



TECHNIQUE

Some people burp in C minor
 And others burp in D
 But the outstanding burpers
 Are those who hit low G
 Any burper can burp while walking down the street,
 But the more experienced burper can do it in his sleep.
 The more refined of burpers burp only when alone,
 They never burp in public but only when at home.
 Now the vulgar burpers; at least it seems to me,
 Are those who can't control themselves in the best of company.
 So if your fond of making those funny noises in your throat,
 Please work on them a little, and cultivate a pleasing note.
 But until you've become accomplished and can start them at your feet
 Will you kindly keep them muffled; make them very low and sweet.

A Deep Impression

Now, you've all heard the story of Mickey Mouse,
And of Minnie his red hot, lovin' spouse;
But I know a tale you'd like to hear
Of a house-party drama that happened last year.

Young Bill Green was a darned straight guy;
You could tell by the look in his old glass eye.
So he trusted his roommate to get him a date,
And boy was that dame supposed to be great!

She was said to be one of the genuine blonds,
And her pictures were used to advertise Ponds.
Why even her dancing, with Garbo's compared,
And her lines were the kind at which everyone
stared.

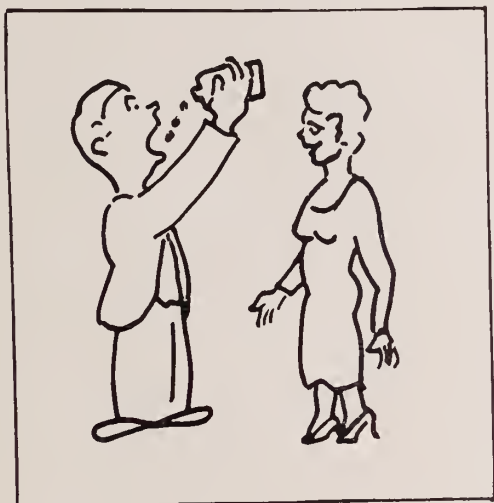
The suspense was awful—he could hardly wait;
But at last a car came through the gate.
He eyed the car—what handsome paint!
But a look inside made the poor guy faint.

No wonder he fainted—for the thing he saw
Looked more like the shape of an Indian Squaw.
She was heavy and fat, but he didn't mind that.
What bothered him most was her Eugenie hat.

What an awful blow for poor old Bill,
But he took it like a head-ache pill.
He asked her to dance—she gave consent;
And she danced as if her axle were bent.

Now that's not the worst of this tragedy though;
I suppose you can guess it—she had B. O.
That was the thing that angered Green
Till he up and socked her on the bean.

Down she came with her two twenty-five,
And that was the last he was seen alive.
For his shape was pressed right through the floor
Which ends with a tear my tale of gore.



—BURR—

Many of the husbands who have died
'Tis really very shocking;
Died when their wives searched their clothes,
And found a woman's stocking.

—BURR—

Many a girl is clothed so well —
That gossips think it funny.
They are all very pretty girls,
But where do they get the money?

The following is one of the English Department's prize theme topics:

The adventures of a Mongolian Idiot at Lehigh.

In writing on that, I'd say that he'd be very much at home in the English Dept.

—BURR—



NORMAN CALPER

- The Belmont Jooles -

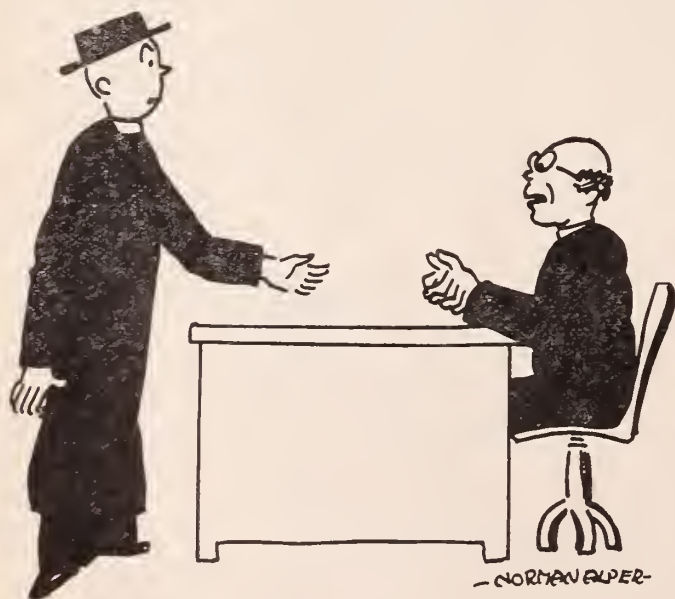
BY C. BROOKS PETERS

(A revealing episode of night life in the big city.
Done in a sloppy manner but you will eat it up.

Reading Time—Anytime before June 1st)

Philo Nails, the super criminologist was reclining languidly in the luxury of his palatial Second Ave. apartment delicately munching strings of garlic, and adroitly expectorating out of the nearby window as accurately as tho he were spitting. He was musing upon his remarkable ability to solve any crime, and wondering whether his next client would be the President, the Archbishop of Canterbury, or Mrs. Morgan Belmont. He personally favored the latter — that was the sex in him.

In another and respectable part of the city a scene quite different from that domestic one above, is seen, or would be if we were able to see into every room, and even the most admirably situated apartment house dwellers can't do that. Well, to pick up the threads of the story before someone trips over them, in a room in the above-mentioned part of the city, Mrs. Morgan Belmont is lying on her sofa (the perversicator) asleep. Even under the flimsy covering afforded by the Navajo horse blanket over her, the bulging lines of her voluptuous figure are distinguishable, and were we able to get a girl's eye view we would be able to observe the silken texture



" — AND THE NATIVES SENT ME BACK
FOR TWO FAT MISSIONARIES."

of her satiny epidermus. A beautiful woman on a couch in a room. Let us get on with the story quickly.

A sinister shadow darkens the window, and a solitary figure enters the room. Then another, and another, and still another, until soon the room is filled with solitary figures. Even in the pale illumination of the indirect lighting, the bland, sinister, hideous, ill-shapen, disease-ridden countenances of the figures immediately brands them as Chinese dacoits. One more disease-ridden than the rest, steps forward and looks at the sleeping figure. We easily recognize him as the leader. He turns to the dacoits and speaks with a disagreeable Harvard accent, which all Chinese naturally speak.

"Youse guys take dis skoit and scram wid her, get me. Wid her on da spot us Chinks will rule de woild."

They do as ordered and eleven of them straining, lift the white body, while the speaker taps her lightly on the head with a section of lead sewer pipe he found on the dressing table. They all go out.

Again our scene shifts. We are now in the exotic den of Fu Chu, the Chinese mastermind, mandarin of the Seven-Clawed dragon. He is bending over a bevy of test tubes and gin bottles. Even as we watch, lo his inscrutable face lights up with a fiendish light and with a cry of exultation he says "Ah." We think rapidly. Can it be that he has just invented a new plague, the olive-green death, which may prove the destruction of the white race? Gad! Just so, for with another cry of exultation, his guttural voice echoing hollowly, he mutters.

"I have just invented the new plague, the olive green death, which will prove the destruction of the white race. I am the Yellow Peril incarnate and I will marry Mrs. Morgan Belmont. Oh! happy day for young China."

We are back again at the Belmont's. There is a scattering of police in drunken stupor sprawled on the floor under all the furniture. Enter fastidious Nails.

"How do you do, boys," he drooled, "anything happen here."

"Mrs. Belmont has had a "Lingbergh baby" pulled on her.

"Any clues you couldn't help missing?"

"Only two eggs found on the sofa."

"Hm! eggs. I suspect fowl play."

(Page 28, Please)

"Mary," a Sunday school teacher asked, "can you repeat a verse from the Bible for us, this morning?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Mary replied.

"Very well, then, please go on."

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I should worry."

—BURR—

A HOUSEPARTY DIARY

Friday:

3:00 p. m.—Go down and drag her off the train. She wants to see the campus, so you ride around a while, being sure to wave in a familiar way to all the lettermen you pass.

5:00 p.m.—Down to the club for a little before-dinner beer, but she says she promised her mother she wouldn't go into any of those places.

5:01 p. m.—Brother Slough touches you for two dollars before you can get away. Says he left his wallet in his other suit.

5:05 p. m.—Back to the house. Sneak in a few pulls on Brother Wilson's flask hidden under the mattress. He said you could use it if you wanted to, and that he would leave it in the drawer for you.

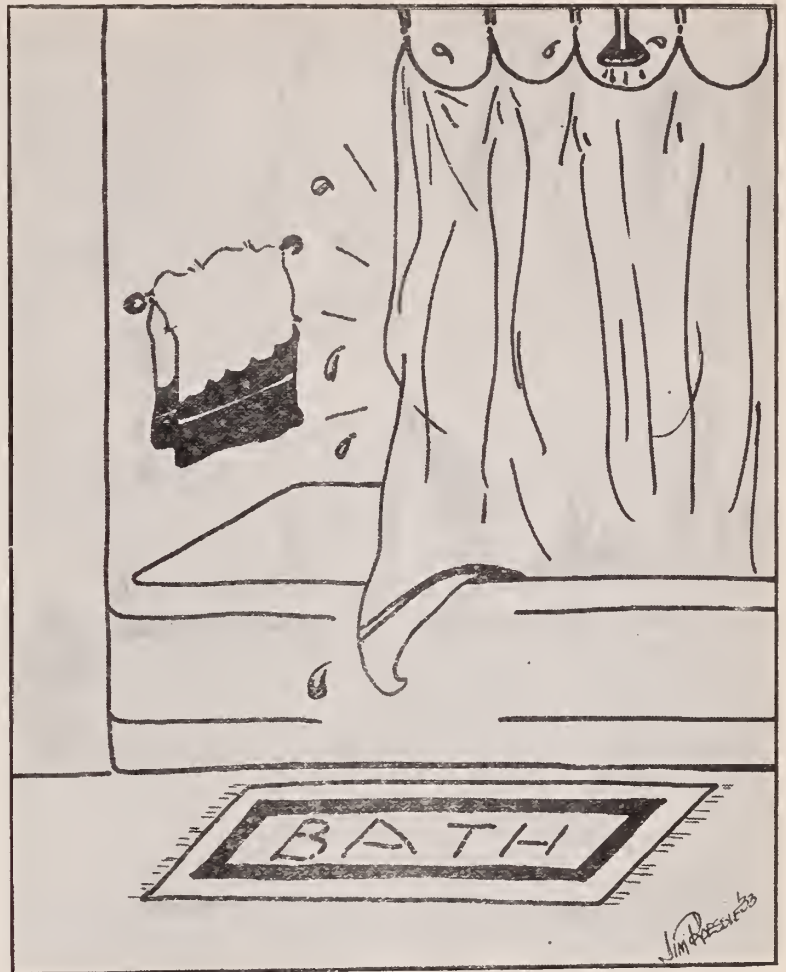
6:30 p. m.—Dinner time and you have to sit at the chaperone's table. Your girl gets along fine, but you can't think of much to say except what fine weather we're having.

6:33 p. m.—You spill a cup of coffee into the chaperone's lap sitting at your left.

7:15 p. m.—Brother Slough touches you for a fiver to buy some flowers.

8:32 p. m.—You play the new recording of "Tiger Rag," but one of the chaperones is telephoning and you get a dirty look from the prexy.

8:57 p. m.—Brother Slough borrows three dollars to get you a quart of real Pre-War, but



BUT, MRS. ASTORBILT, YOU KNOW I WAS
HERE FIRST!

—BURR—

doesn't return. Says later that he lost it in a crap game.

10:30 p. m.—Go to the Prom.

10:31 p. m.—Brother Valentine, half back extraordinary, snakes your girl and you have to talk to the chaperones.

10:42 p. m.—Prof. Peabody expresses his views on the Einstein Theory.

3:15 a. m.—You find your date and she suggests that we go out and have a couple of nice big steaks simply suffocating with onions.

* 5:00 a. m.—You take her home and she tells you what a good time she is having.

Saturday and Sunday: More of the same.

OUR VERY OWN LETTER BUREAU

Dear Uncle Henry,

A D. U. has asked me to come to Lehigh for spring house-party. My girl friends all say that Lehigh houseparties are wonderful things, but I am not sure that I like the same things they do. What would you advise?

Hopefully,

Bewildered.

Dear Bewildered,

Do you like pickled eggs?

Uncle (Burp) Henry.

* * *

Uncle Henry,

Every time I ask a certain girl to houseparty, she drains most of the water out of my car. Besides being injurious to the car, this necessitates our stopping quite often to let the engine cool off. Why does she do this?

Fiji.

Fiji,

That's just an old Sulubian custom, my boy.

Uncle (Tsk, tsk) Henry.

* * *

Dear Uncle Henry,

I have the rottenest luck at cards, yet every time I go out, I get in a game of strip poker. What can I do? My supply of dresses is running low.

—Almost Nude.

Dear Almost Nude,

No questions answered unless accompanied by address and telephone number.

Uncle (Hotcha) Henry.

* * *

Uncle Henry,

How can I tell whether the Sigma Chi who asked me up for Houseparty will get fresh or not?

Young and Innocent.

Young and Innocent,

You'd better stay home!

Uncle (Oh!) Henry.

Dear Uncle Henry,

I'm just a young and not so innocent Penn State co-ed, and this is to be my first college houseparty. However, I've been to some other houseparties, and know all the right answers. Could you give me any advice?

Hot Number.

Dear Hot Number,

Better carry a pack of Murads. What if the Dean should walk in?

Uncle (Be Nonchalant!) Henry.

—BURR—



"A LITTLE KISS BEFORE THE BIG DANCE, HONEY?"

"WHY NOT A LITTLE DANCE AND THEN A BIG KISS!"

—BURR—

Burro wonders if the unmarried Siamese twin is a kibitzer?

LE-HI JACKING

by Martin Reed

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Dingsbury, Conspirator-in-Chief
 Wingsbury, Conspirator
 Henshaw, Another
 Strawberry, A Third

McZolph, Guilty Bystander
 Wallington, Conspirator
 Ellsworth, Of Like Ilk
 Hooch, The Inimitable

Act I.

Scene, Hooch's Beer Emporium.

Dingsbury. You all know what we're here for, don't you?

(They all nod knowingly except McZolph who's in love.)

McZolph. Yes, dear.

Dingsbury. Hey, you, snap out of it and forget that Tillie. We've got some nominating to do.

(McZolph rallies slightly.)

Henshaw. We'll back anything you want, Dingsbury, just so long as I get Arcadia president.

Dingsbury. How does that sound to the rest of you guys? Me for class president and Henshaw for president of Arcadia. What do the rest of you want? How about you, McZolph? Your house has thirty-two men with about eight of them juniors.

(Slight movement in the general region of McZolph.)

McZolph. "I don't want your kisses." Hell, why be so serious about this thing. You'll get your job and I'll—say, how about a beer? Hey, Hooch. A couple beers.

Hooch. Okay. Any de rest of you guys want somtin'?

Strawberry. Got any more pretzels?

Hooch. Sure ting.

Dingsbury. Listen, fellows, we better get hot on this thing. We gotta' have some placards printed and I have to see a couple of the house presidents and promise them a managership or something for someone in their house.

Wingsbury. I'll swing nine votes for you, Dingsbury, if Simpson gets head cheerleader and I get president of the Interfraternity council.

Dingsbury. Done. Wait 'til I write that down. Now, how about you Strawberry? Do you still want

to be editor of that rotten magazine? We got four men on the board so it's yours if you fall in line.

Strawberry. Thanks, Hooch. Bring me another beer, will you? Sounds all right, Ding, but we want you to back Dolphin for junior president, too.

Wallington. If that's okay, then, how about giving McZolph class secretary-treasurer and Ellsworth chairman of the Senior Ball? We'd go for that.

Ellsworth. Nix on that unless you have Zane pass along that manager job to me. McZolph has been yearning for the presidency of Sword and Crescent in his saner moments. What about it, Mac?

McZolph. Yeh, I'd like to snare that job. Give us those two and help that freshman in our house who's trying for the board of your comic sheet, and we'll play ball with you.

Dingsbury. Well, if that satisfies you birds, it's okay with me. We've gotta work fast and quiet on this 'cause you know some of the big guns are down on combines. Not that we can't put this across; but, we've just gotta go at it kind of easy. We're all set, then, and you know how we line up.

Wallington. Who's going to make the rounds and line up some of the houses in the combine?

Dingsbury. I'll do that. You fellows just get some of these men talked up on the campus. At the nominations, things have got to go off smoothly. As soon as two men are nominated, somebody pop up and close the nominations. If we work things right we won't have any trouble at all. I counted up all the possible votes last night and we're way ahead.

Wingsbury. Don't forget to tell the men in your houses to vote only for Simpson for cheerleader on those ballots. Well, if that's all, I think I'll scram. I've got a honey in math tomorrow.

McZolph. Hooch, bring us in one more round.

Hooch. Okay, Mac, it's on de house. You're a damn good bunch of fellows.

(Curtain)

Mary Lou is a high-powered jane—
She came to our House Party—;
Before she arrived, I'd lots of dough,
My account was hail and hearty,

But Mary Lou 'tis strange to say,
Was fond of many things;
Before two days had scarce passed by
My cash has taken wings.

Depleted was my bank account,
My credit soon went flat;
I had to hock my watch and chain,
And e'en my coat and hat.

Mary Lou may be high powered,
Just like a foreign car;
But I prefer the buggy type —
"Cost less and go as far."



Prof.: (reprimanding co-ed)
Now, Miss Smith, don't you think
that that shows poor breeding?

Co-ed: Who said I was breed-
ing?

—BURR—

"You'll get a kick out of wearing one of these
Polo Coats."

—Clothing Store Ad.

Especially if it belongs to your roommate.

Spring fever days are coming,
The Profs are announcing quizzes
Students shed a tear,
So no more Lehigh beer.

—BURR—

That big full-moon that shines at night
Sets lovers hearts a-yearning
I wonder where my sweetie is,
And what new tricks she's learning.



By C. Brooks Peters

"Blessed Event"

In a season of shows purporting to be "take-offs" we don't object to seeing another concerning a certain New York columnist. Of course the plot makes no pretensions at delving deeply into the life of the columnist, but only stresses the point of his uncanny ability to foretell "blessed events."

The story of "Blessed Event," now current at the Longacre theatre, New York, is that of a newspaperman's fidelity to his profession despite the fact that his news isn't always fit to print. Roger Pryor plays the character of the columnist and Lee Patrick — professing much love for him although she fails to show it—presents a rather lifeless foil to his career.

The play fairly bristles with ultra-modern dialogue and comedy of the broad variety which affords opportunity for Mr. Pryor to display his histrionic talents. Incidentally, it might be said that although Mr. Pryor is not exactly miscast, his performance is lacking in a certain depth of feeling and character which is necessary to an effective exposition of the more serious moments in the play.

"Blessed Event" is presented by Sidney Phillips and Harlan Thompson and is written by Manuel Seff and Forrest Wilson. Rollo Wayne has created rather fine settings in complete harmony with the tone of the piece. The authors have written some pleasant ridicule on all "crooners" in general and one in particular, this being all very apropos in this wondrous "era of crooning."

If you have a taste for newspaper plays, this will prove an enjoyable evening's entertainment even though you may not have seen "Five Star Final."

"Foreign Affairs"

"Foreign Affairs," a play by Paul Hervey Fox and George Tilton, had its premier several weeks ago at the Avon Theatre in New York City. Dorothy

Gish, after two successful runs this season, in "The Streets of New York" and "The Bride the Sun Shines On," and Osgood Perkins make a very mediocre piece bearable through excellent interpretation of roles undeserving of the talent afforded them. A countess and her paramour come to an inn in the Italian Tyrol for reasons obvious. Upon their arrival they begin to worry lest they be suspected by the countess' husband, and fearing he may surprise them together, they formulate a plan; should the husband turn up, the countess will pretend to be the guest of the great Otto Ziegen, a Roumanian multimillionaire, who is spending the night at the same hotel, and Tito, her friend, will flirt with the cook. The husband does arrive and the lovers' plan works splendidly, although not as each fancies it is working. They are mutually unfaithful, yet succeed in ridding themselves of the meddling husband, who rides off the next morning with Ziegen, leaving the lovers to complete their "tete a tete."

Miss Gish is the countess; Mr. Osgood the millionaire; Henry Hull, Tito; and Jean Arthur, late of the cinema, the beautiful, but naive cook.

"Grand Hotel"

The wildly acclaimed screen adaptation of Vicki Baum's "Grand Hotel," which packed houses on Broadway for more than a year, has finally been released. Aided by a cast of Hollywood's finest, the production is wonderfully fine. The plot and the action seem better adapted to the screen than the stage. The rapid shifting of scene, characteristic of the work, is better adapted to the motion picture stage than the legitimate, and the piece is consequently more effective.

Garbo is superb. As the bored, satiated, eccentric dancer, enamoured of a rogue, John Barrymore (Next Page, Please)

THEATRE REVIEW

(Continued from Page 23)

more, she lends her charm and histrionic talent so completely, yet naturally, that she "steals" the picture. Advance rumors had Joan Crawford as the star. As the stenographer susceptible to any reasonable proposition, she does nicely; but, she is never so compelling or captivating as the Garbo. John Barrymore, the baron who, 'though a crook and dissipate, is the dancer's inspiration, did not please me so much as did Henry Hull in the stage play. He is convincing, entertaining, yet never sufficiently forceful. His brother, Lionel, playing Kringelein, the unfortunate clerk, condemned by an incurable disease to an early death, while not looking particularly ill, is the donor of much talent to the production. Wallace Berry, Lewis Stone, and Tully Marshall all add to the success of the film, if in a minor way. Yet withal, it is a film which is outstanding, and it is so more as a result of the acting which it contains than the excellence of the plot.

—BURR—

IT'S A FACT

With another Spring and the boids sweet song
Another houseparty rolls along
For which we secure the fairest of dames
And try our best to wreck their frames.

Of course dad's the victim of another touch
But still we never ask for much
We realize there's a depression here,
And all we want is money for beer.

On Friday they arrive with hearts all aflutter
To ride some sap into the gutter
And dash away to greater fame
With another mug they think to tame.

On Saturday with circles and half a gripe
They get together and talk but tripe
For they both would sooner try their fate
With the person they had last night so late.

That evening more dancing and a better jag
But somehow the party seems to lag;
For they're tired, so tired and need their sleep
Poor nuts they don't know what hours to keep.

And Sunday it ends forevermore
They're awful tired and awful sore
They breath a sigh of deep relief
And thank dear God the stay was brief.

But soon again we'll change our song
When another houseparty rolls along.

Mr. Fritz Schneiderheimer

wishes to announce that,

in view of the Postman's

Oversight

in regard to delivering him

A Bid

to the lota lota lota

Formal Dance

Mr. Schneiderheimer has

secured the loan of

One Dime

which he understands is

Even More Acceptable

to the Flunkeys at the Door.

Consequently

Mr. Schneiderheimer will

attend said

Formal Dance

in his full capacity.

8:30 to 11:30 (Gallons)

—AwGwan.

Curazy

Burr-owings

WHAT TO DO IN A SUNKEN SUBMARINE

Cut toenails.
 Look for worms to fish with.
 Hold a song fest.
 Write a letter to the girl back home.
 Tell sea stories.
 Tickle the captain's feet.
 Try to recall what Jack Holt did in "Submarine."
 Think how lucky you are to be inside where it is dry.

Rewrite Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea."

Write an epitaph.
 Learn how to play a harp.
 Shoot crap to see whose baby has new shoes.
 Take the temperature of the water.
 See how hard you can hit a torpedo without exploding it.

Think up a wise crack for St. Peter.
 Wonder why they have submarines anyway.
 Toss cards into a silk hat.
 Tune in on "Amos and Andy."
 Get tight and think you are at a Prom.

—Puppet.

—Burr—

What do you think of the little boy who wanted to try his father's pants on, but didn't have the guts.
 —Yellow Jacket.

—Burr—

Active: "Hey, freshman, what the hell's the idea of running the other way when I call you?"

Quick thinking pledge: "The echoes in this big house are so confusing."

—Sun Dial.

—Burr—

A. G. R.: The drought sure played the dickens with my corn this year. It isn't an inch high.

Ditto: An inch? Why the sparrows have to kneel down to eat mine.

—Mugwump.

Sunday School Teacher: Who was the mother of Moses?

Little Mary: Pharaoh's daughter.

S. S. T.: But she only found him in the bullrushes.

L. M.: That was her story.

—Whirlwind.

—Burr—

Cy: Say, pard, I see you have a bad leg? Pray tell me, what may you be doing for it?

Clone: Limping, Cy, my boy, limping.

—Blue Gator.

—Burr—

CLOSE CLIPPINGS

A Scotchman was once run over by a beer wagon and for the first time in his life the drinks were on him.

—Washington Dirge.

—Burr—

WASTE

"Hear about the Scotchman who went insane?"

"No, what was the matter?"

"He bought a score card at the game and neither team scored."

—Oregon Web Foot.

—Burr—

"Stand behind your lover," said the Scotchman to his unfaithful wife. "I'm going to shoot you both."

—Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.

—Burr—

Sign on a Scotch golf course:

"Members will kindly refrain from picking up lost golf balls until they have stopped rolling."

—Penn Punch Bowl.

THE COLLEGE COMIC

(A play in one act)

Time: The week before the college magazine comes out.

Place: Office of the magazine. The staff is seen lounging around the room.

Editor Henry: "Well, boys, we got a magazine to get out."

Dawson: "Zz-zz-zz-zz."

Brightman: "I got it! I'll write a play about getting out a magazine."

Henry: "Good idea, Sam. What magazine did you see it in?"

Bright: "Why, this is strictly original." (He takes out a copy of the Harvard Lampoon and a pair of scissors.)

Dawson: "Zz-zz-zz-zz."

E. Werber: "Gimme a cig, somebody."

Henry: "Hot Dog! That'll make a good joke. The girl says 'Gimme a cig, somebody.' The boy says 'No. It will make you cig'."

(Entire staff, with exception of Dawson, bursts into loud laughter.)

Henry: "That joke will win the five dollar prize this issue. I need the money."

Dawson: "Zz-zz-zz-zz."

Henry: "Now, let's buckle down to work."

(Entire staff takes out a pair of scissors, a belt buckle, and a copy of College Humor.)

Bright: "Henry, Henry! The paste jar it's stolen. I can't find it."

(Chaos reigns. Entire staff realizes that if any of their jokes get in, they will need paste jar.)

Dawson (Aroused by the confusion, wakes up and attempts to rise): "My Gawd! I'm stuck."

Entire Staff: "Saved! The paste jar is found, and our reading public will get his magazine."

The Curtain Falls (and high time, too.)

—Dirge.

—BURR—

"They call that couple over there the 'Teddy Roosevelts'."

"Why?"

"Well, he's always rough, and she's always ready."

—Banter.

TIMID SOULS

"She's wonderful, professor! She's marvelous! Of course—er, ah—I don't know what people will say—your having her around here like that. But still I can't blame you for wanting to see her all the time. If I . . ."

"Oh—but don't think for a minute that everyone knows! To be sure, a little gossip will leak out, but then I don't mind gossip, and neither does she. So you liked her, did you?"

"Did I! Well, er—I hesitate to say it, professor, but—what a complexion! What eyes! And her figure—what graceful curves! Tell me—where were you lucky enough to meet this beautiful creature?"

"Why, I don't mind telling you. It was one evening when I was walking over by the golf links. A most romantic setting—the sun was going down over the fields; the sky was faintly yellow, tinged with gold; I could hear the soft splashing of a nearby brook; the birds were twittering a last good-night.

"And there she was—ahead of me on the road. I ran over and picked her up quickly by the tail. I brought her back to the laboratory that very night, and—well, as you say, she's one of the finest female cats in our collection."

—Green Gander.

—BURR—

When the roll is called up yonder, what'll we dip in our coffee.

—Malteaser.

—BURR—

A slightly inebriated gentleman passing the stage door of a certain Broadway theatre one night was almost bowled over by Singer's well known troupe of performers who scampered out of the door in a body. The gentleman, finding himself unable to move in either direction because of the press, was obliged to appeal to the traffic cop on the corner for protection.

"Officer! Officer! Help! Help!" he shouted, "I'm up to my hips in midgets."

—Exchange.

—BURR—

Sign in a Scotch Cafe: Use less sugar and stir like hell; we don't mind the noise.

—Rammer-Jammer.



Seniors—Pass Out in Style!

THOUSANDS of seniors (well, several anyway) have asked us how to be sure of getting a Chevrolet Six for graduation. Suggestions spring from our typewriter like moths from summer flannels.

Work the word Chevrolet into all your letters home—and write often. Intimate that too much walking is giving you a permanent Charley horse. Have the car sent to your home on approval, disguised as a set of the Harvard Classics. Or even—and this idea is practically infallible—ask for one point-blank.

It really isn't much to ask for, you know, from a purely mercenary standpoint. Chevrolet prices are among the lowest at which any car sells. And *upkeep*—well,

we're certainly glad you asked about *that*, for Chevrolet's upkeep economy is *positively unexcelled!* But, for all that, the new Chevrolet Six is just about the smartest thing on wheels, and possesses all the speed and power you've wanted for, lo, these many years. What's more, the combination of Syncro-Mesh gear-shifting and Free Wheeling makes for thrilling new driving ease.

Right now, when you are actually about to fulfill the hopes of your fond parents, is a splendid time to broach this subject. If you doubt your oratorical powers, pour out your heart in a letter. After all, you might as well get *some* good from all those rhetoric courses.

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"I wish we'd get a few shipwrecked sailors washed ashore," mused the cannibal chief. "What I need is a good dose of salts."

—Widow.

—BURR—

"Daddy, how do animals breed?"

"Why — uhuh — troo der noses, ob course."

—Pitt Panther.

—BURR—

Several visitors were being shown through the Princeton Infirmary. One of them, exceedingly curious, turned to the nurse and said, "There's only one thing I've ever wanted to know. What do you do with the arms and legs that are amputated here?"

"We usually save them a day or two and bury them with the body," the nurse replied.

—Tiger.

—BURR—

Heard after the Interfraternity ball: Aw, he's too drunk to ride in the back seat; let him drive.

—Battalion.

"Do you know what the unemployed in New York are doing?" shouted the speaker as he pounded the table.

"Yes," shouted a voice from the rear.

"What?" asked the speaker taken aback.

"Nothing."

—Brown Jug.

—BURR—

First Dope: Hey, I'll bet you don't know what makes the street cars so crowded on Wednesday afternoons?

Second Dope: What?

First Dope: The passengers, you fool.

—The Sun Dial.

—BURR—

"Oh, Mrs. Flatbottom, I have never seen a child as badly spoilt as that son of yours."

"Why, Mrs. Murphy, I don't believe you."

"Oh, yes he is, too, just come out and look what the fire engine done to him."

—Wampus.



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THE new Packard Light Eight is a youthful car—trim and graceful in its lines, flashing in its performance. It belongs unmistakably to the distinguished Packard family and, in addition, carries a smart distinction all its own . . . Of course it includes Packard's latest engineering advances. Silent Synchro-mesh transmission, *quiet in all three speeds*—simple and safe Finger Control Free-Wheeling—Ride Control, the original system of dash-adjustable

shock absorbers—all are there. Shatter-proof glass all around, six-ply tires and bumpers, front and rear, are standard equipment . . . The Coupe-Roadster, a smart, convertible model if there ever was one, accomodates two or four. It is long and low, with a wheelbase of 128 inches—brutally powerful with a straight-eight engine of 110 horse. And most astonishing of all, it is factory-priced at the low figure of only \$1795. Ask the Man Who Owns One—then ask Dad.

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ALLENTOWN, PENNA.

THE BELMONT JOOLES

(Continued from Page 16)

"I say, sir, that would be Belmont himself; my wife is no chicken, I confess, but she was a respectable woman."

All police officials nod sagely and murmur, "Yes she was, poor woman."

Philo, realizing that this was not the time to pick an argument, lets it go at that and says, "May I see the servants." The first one brought in is Bung Go Lo, the Chinese butler. Philo commences the questioning.

"Did you ever see Mrs. Belmont?"

"On occasions sir," replied Bung, and in his soft well-modulated, cultured voice we recognize none other than the leader of the daçoits.

"Good. Had you ever seen her before that?"

"Yes. I used to work in a launder shop in Southampton when she was a budding girl. I washed her underwear. I specially remembered her because she HAD NO BUTTONS ON HER UNMENTIONABLES." Nails faints and is revived by generous applications of nitric acid. He takes a grip on himself with his great hands and asks Bung to continue. He does.



"The girls are not what they were in my day. Why all the girls I knew had them." He sighs deeply and repeats to himself the famous incantation of Communistic doctrines, "No rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief, et al."

"Did you have anything to do with this kidnapping?"

Bung blushes and appears embarrassed when the whiz of a blowpipe dart is heard and the dart is immediately looked for. After some minutes it is discovered quivering in the heart of Belmont himself.

"My God," hoarsed Belmont, "I'll be gosh-darted," and he drops over dead. Appended to the now gore-stained, bosom-imbedded dart is a strip of rice paper bearing the inscription,

"I, Fu Chu, the Yellow Peril incarnate, proclaim that Mrs. Morgan Belmont is now free of her husband and is about to be joined to me with due ceremony. I am Fu Chu, the Yellow Peril incarnate. I am keeping her at No. 15 Pell Street. You will never find her because you will never know where she is. I am Fu Chu, the Yellow Peril incarnate."

Nails thinks fast. Says he:

"This is just a blind. I am willing to wager a thrupence she is at the House of a Thousand Horrors at

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No. 14 Pell Street. I am off."

So saying, he dashed out of the window and jumping into a Victorian solidungulate and catafalque (horse and buggy) gallops down town.

The next scene in our short cross-section of American life is the House of 1,000 (count them) Horrors. It is a dirty, squalid, filthy, crawling with vermin, dope-den, lined with bunks on the wall for members of the Narcotic Squad to smoke opium in. Evil looking Orientals abound, armed with wicked looking Ghurka knives such as soldiers use when they sport with the natives. A deep gong sounds. Like magic, all the Chinese melt away and run down the nearby stairs. Footsteps approach. Our heart falls. Yes, our worst suspicions are confirmed, for into the den of iniquity rushes our poor deluded hero, Philo Nails. As soon as he enters a clang resounds and in back of him a steel wall drops from the ceiling blocking his retreat.

He turns to the left. From each of the bunks appears a group of Mongolian horsemen. This way blocked too. He turns to the right. A blank wall studded with three-pronged spikes. Is there no way out? What about the front we say. "I'll try it," he replies, and dashes forward. But all in vain. Alas, we have sent him to his destruction for he has tumbled into the yawning abyss while its mouth was open and it has closed over him.

He has landed on a bed of straw which exhales a strong halitus of carrion flesh of animal habitation. But worse than that the floor swarms with scorpions and lizards. They crawl all over his body and their clammy bodies raise the gooseflesh on his spine. He is going mad (wouldn't you?) He wants to escape—naturally (you see that Philo is a very human character) and sees a crack of light in the distance. Shaking off some of the obnoxious vermin, he painfully crawls toward it. With an effort he reaches it, and insanely struggles to open a door that is, haply, there. (This is a godsend, or is it?)

Suddenly his massive strength prevails on the barrier to his progress and he tumbles into the next room. A horrible stench of fresh blood greets his nostrils (Hello, Philo). Apprehensive, he looks up at a sight that freezes the very blood in his veins. Sprawled amid blood-dripping bones sits a Bengal tiger smirking through his blood blackened chops. A merry twinkle is in his eye but clutched in his claws is a gorey, chewed woman's arm with a ring of great size on its little finger. With mild curiosity Nails leans forward to examine the ring. Good Lord! It is Mrs. Belmont's signet ring!

Well — is it possible that Mrs. Belmont has been eaten or is our hero mistaken. The answer will be found on page 37.

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"Here."

"Rosenthal?"

"Present!"

"Mary Smith?"

"Here, sir."

"Wanamaker?"

"Hell, yes!"

—Kansas Sour Owl.

—BURR—

Temperance Lecturer: "If I lead a donkey up to a pail of water and a pail of beer, which will he drink?"

Unconverted: "The water."

T. L.: "Why?"

Un.: "Because he's an ass."

—Whirlwind.

—BURR—

"Hello, is this the sea food store?"

"It is."

"Do you have any fresh fish?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, don't let them get away with anything, sister."

—Gettysburg Cannon Bawl.

—BURR—

"Who was the first horticulturist?"

"Hannibal."

"How come?"

"He crossed the Alps with his army."

—Beanpot.

—BURR—

She: "Shall we sit this one out?"

He: "No, I'm tired; let's dance."

—Purple Parrot.

Captain (to Old Lady Traveler)—"What's the matter, madam; can't you find your stateroom?"

Old Lady—"No, sir, I'm lost!"

Captain—"Well, just give me the number of your stateroom and I'll show you the way."

Old Lady—"I've forgotten the number, sir, but I'll recognize the room—it had a lighthouse just outside the porthole."

—Red Cat.

He: Do you love me?

She: I love everybody.

He: Let God do that . . . We should specialize.

—Window.

—BURR—

Traveling Salesman's Wife: Bobbie, this is your uncle from St. Louis.

Young Bobbie: Yeah, for a dollar he is.

—Frivol.

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Wife (to absent-minded professor): Your hat is on the wrong way, dear.

Prof: How do you know which way I'm going?
—Drexlerd.

—BURR—

Cop: Who was driving when you hit that car?
Drunk (triumphantly): None of us; we was all on the back seat.

—Blue Gator.

—BURR—

"So you are the only survivor of the wreck; won't you tell us how you came to be saved?"

"Sure. I missed the boat."

—Penn State Froth.

—BURR—

Burglar: "Where have you been?"

His Partner: "Robbin' a fraternity house."

Burglar: "Lose anything?"

—Blue Gator.

Teacher: If you subtract fourteen from a hundred sixteen, what's the difference?

Johnny: Yea, I think it's a lot of foolishness, too.
—Orange Peel.

—BURR—

Gee, dear, with a moon like that there are only two things to do—and I don't feel like writing any poetry!"

—Juggler.

—BURR—

Chi Phi: "My brother doesn't drink, smoke or swear."

K. D.: "Does he make all his own dresses, too?"
—Green Gander.

—BURR—

"My brother is living in Chicago and says that he is delighted."

"What? Delighted to be living in Chicago?"

"No. Delighted to be living."

—Georgia Cracker.



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He: "And what do you think of the Grand Canyon?"

She: "Just gorges, just gorges."

—Minnesota Ski-U-Mah.

—BURR—

Sweet Young Thing: "Jack says he worships the very ground I stand on."

Rejected Boy Friend: "I don't blame him. A farm of that size is not to be sneezed at."

—Cornell Widow.

Lady: "Now, professor, I suppose that that is one of those horrid portraits you call art?"

Prof: "No, madam, that is a mirror."

—Carnegie Tech Puppet.

—BURR—

Teacher—Give an example of nonsense.

Johnny—An elephant hanging over the cliff with its tail tied to a daisy!

—Green Griffen.



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1913

Here we have the Man-About-Town 1913 Model. With his checked suit and natty fawn vest, he brings a hearty laugh today—but *then* he was a walking “What the Well-Dressed Man Will Wear”. No sooner had he passed than haberdashers were busy supplying the demand for the Arrow Collar you see here. For then—as now—the style was set by Arrow.



1932

The Man-About-Town, 1932 Model, is pretty apt to be seen in the Arrow Gordon—an oxford shirt with the snug, smart fit about the collar that seems to be an Arrow copyright. In white, or plain colors, with button-down or plain collar, the Gordon is \$1.95. Its running-mate is the Trump. Of specially woven broadcloth, in white, stripes and plain colors, the Trump is \$1.95.

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shoulders—correct sleeve lengths that stay correct forever—and a collar with the style and fit and trimness with which only Arrow seems to be able to endow a collar. You can also buy Arrow Shirts, neckband style, for starched collars. Remember—if it hasn't the Arrow label, it isn't an Arrow Shirt.

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